

# Night Still Comes

## Neko Case

My brain makes drugs to keep me slow  
A hilarious joke for some dead pharaoh  
But now, not even the masons know  
What drug will keep night from coming  
There are so many tools that are made for my hands  
But the tide smashes all my best-laid plans to sand  
And there's always someone to say it's easy for me  
But I revenge myself all over myself  
There's nothing you can say to me  
You never held it at the right angle  
You never held it at the right angle  
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star  
But wash your hands of it  
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star  
Because you can't hold it.  
Did they poison my food? Is it cause I'm a girl?  
If I puked up some sonnets, would you call me a miracle?  
I'm gonna go where my urge leads no more.  
Swallowed, waist-deep, in the gore of the forest  
A boreal feast, let it finish me, please.  
Cause I revenge myself all over myself.  
There's nothing you can do to me.  
You never held it at the right angle  
You never held it at the right angle  
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star  
But wash your hands of it  
Catch a, catch a, catch a, catch a falling star  
Because you can't own it.  
You never held it at the right angle,  
You never held it at the right angle.  
You never held it,  
You never held it,  
You never held it, oh...  
You never held it,  
You never held it,  
You never held it, oh...  
You never held it,  
You never held it,  
You never held it, oh...

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>